

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

WHOLE NO. 689.

AN OBSCURE AND GRINDING MONOPOLY.

Is not this the result of the business, that the Federal law transfers from your pocket to the pocket of another the difference be-

to the grounds, and only half-chewing through the foreground of pines, do you see those substantial cottage-like buildings? They are the residences of the servants, and, when completed, will form quite a pretty village."

the positions he pointed with unusual earnestness and vigor, by way of overruling complacency?

these—the perversion of religious truth by its leaders of religion for the purpose of economic upholding and perpetuating an economic system of oppression.

which we do should be thrown into our teeth. The man was right who said "there is a nigger in every generation which may engage the attention of our government."—*Ellis Garsite.*

our last number, all of which have resulted from the members of the Lord's Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society, with whom, on various occasions of the Protest Appeal, or Non-Resistance

... ..

This image shows a vertical strip of a document page. The right side features a dark, textured binding edge, while the left side is a white page area. Faint, illegible text is visible along the left edge, and a small, dark, irregular mark is present near the bottom right corner.

Miscellaneous.

AMERICA—THE LAND OF THE FREE
AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE.

[Media written upon the handle of the Bowie knife
belonging to the Captain of the Echo.]

America, thy bosom is deep and long;
But tell me, if thou canst, what deed stupendous
Thou'st done, that thou shouldst seek to write thy
name

On Fame's scroll, with flourish so tremendous.
I know that thou art rich in fruitful valleys,
In mighty forests, grand and lofty mountains;
In boundless prairie, bright with varying flowers,
In murmuring streams, and cool, crystal foun-
tains.

Thou hast vast rivers, broad and mighty lakes
That spread beneath thy skies like mimic oceans;
Cities, like mushrooms, on thy streams arise,
Crammed with tobacco, rum, and "Yankee No-
tions."

With idling loafers fragrant with cigars,
With sharpers keen, and pious, church-going
"Pious,"
Who, fashionably clad, each Sunday morn',
Worship the Lord beneath the "highest steeple."

But can't thou boast of just and equal laws,
And rulers that should make a nation's glory?
Of guilty country, to the future years,
Impartial history thus shall tell thy story:

"Land of the Free and Brave"—a glorious land,
Than all the boasted powers of Europe, bigger;
Yet to do what?—to steal her neighbors' farms,
And waste—on chase with hounds and hapless
"slaves?"

C. L. M.

A FEW ROYAL STATISTICS.

We glean from that courtly and aristocratic an-
nual, the "Almanach de Gotha," some interesting
statistics about European Royalty. Those sov-
ereigns that have ruled the longest period are the
Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, since 1787; the Duke
of Saxe-Meiningen, since 1803; the Prince of
Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, since 1807; the King of
Wurtemberg, since 1816. The sovereigns most
recently arrived to the throne are the King of Sax-
ony, who has ruled since August 9, 1854; the
Kaiser of Russia, since March 2nd, 1855, and
the Prince of Monaco, since the 20th of June,
1856. The oldest monarchs are the Duke of
Mecklenburg-Strelitz, aged 79; the King of War-
temberg, aged 77; the Landgrave of Hesse-Ham-
burg, aged 62; the Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe,
aged 74 (he commenced to reign when but four
years old); the Prince of Reuss-Schleiz, aged 69;
the King of Belgium, aged 68, and the Pope of
Rome, aged 66. The King of Portugal, born in
1807; and the Duke of Parma, born in 1847, are
the youngest reigning monarchs.

Few of these princes, excepting Alexander of
Russia and Pedro of Portugal, who, young as he
is, showed himself, at the time of the pestilence at
Lisbon, to be "every inch a king," are distinguished
for remarkable virtues or talents. In fact some of
them are, so to speak, notable for their very medi-
ocrity. It may be that many of our readers have
never heard of that old monarch, the Prince of
Schaumburg-Lippe, who for seventy-one years has
been the undisputed ruler of his little principality.
—What a panorama of wonderful events the world
has presented in that period. The star of Napo-
leon culminated and fell, to rise again in the per-
son of his nephew. A race of dissolute, immoral
kings have passed away from the throne of Eng-
land, leaving a Queen whose domestic virtues is
the most distinguished jewel in her crown. From
a feeble, struggling country, just entering upon its
career, the United States have become a nation
whose influence is felt all over the civilized world.

The colossal power of Russia has shaken off its
long barbaric lethargy, and in the emancipation
of its serfs has proved its vast capabilities for
good. Revolutions have swept over Europe like
sudden storms, between which men have set their
subtle intellects to work to compass the victories
of peace, more glorious than those of war. The
steamboat, the railroad, the electric telegraph, the
use of anesthetic agents, the spread of general
information, and the increased influences of the
public press, have opened a wonderful revolution
in social life. Yet during all this period, so teem-
ing with mighty events, that obscure German, who
became a prince in his life, fourth year, has been
quietly working his pipe, undisturbed and undisturb-
ing in his sleepy little principality of Schaumburg,
Lippe, and the world only hears of his existence
in the annual editions of the "Almanach de Gotha."

The Prince of Monaco, who is willing to sell his
birthright for a mess of pottage, is attracting some
attention just now. To be sure he is quite an in-
significant monarch, his little ten-mile square
kingdom not worth paying the expenses of his
residence at Paris. The Prince does not care
much for his country, and Russia does not prob-
ably, Russia will get it. Everybody has been
tricked along the Cornice road remembers Monaco,
because the driver tells you when you arrive at
the border and assures you that in an hour you
will have passed the territory of Monaco—and
with his finger he points towards the Mediterranean;
and away down, separated from you by great
cliffs, whose rough sides are adorned with ter-
raced olive groves, you notice a city in the sea.
—Standing on a narrow peninsula, its sharp, clear
cut walls plunge far down into the water—the
roof of the houses glitter in the sunshine—a quiet
boat pervades the lazy atmosphere, through which
float upwards, from monasteries half hidden amid
the olives, the sweet tones of bells—a few sails dot
the surface of the blue Mediterranean, and the
whole scene seems too picturesque to be reality.
—Yet it is reality, and that little sea-washed city is
Monaco—the same that Russia wants to buy, and
its ruler wants to sell.

The Emperor of France and the Queen of
England, from the immense power of their re-
spective governments, and from their individual
character, and the Pope of Rome from his reli-
gious attributes, are constantly before the public
eye. But Americans will have to hunt up the
"Almanach de Gotha" to hear anything of the
existence of at least three-fourths of those little
great men—the sovereigns of Europe.

The student who in the world is that Parnes
Beverly's writings should be suppressed at the
South is insidious. There is a bill before the
Georgia legislature forbidding the sale of the re-
served gun's law discussion with Pryor on slave-
ry. They truly want the slave person have been
used up, when his own friends oppose the circu-
lation of his arguments in favor of the institu-
tion.

THE BEWILDERED SAVAGE.

BY L. MARIA CHILDS.

The origin of the Caffers is lost in the darkness
of remote antiquity; but their persons, manners,
and customs, indicate a higher source of civiliza-
tion than the other tribes of Africa. Before they
were hunted and hunted by the white men that
infested their shores, they were a pastoral people,
brave and manly, but rarely guided to deeds of vi-
olence. Their features are European, their color,
a clear, dark-brown; their forms athletic and
graceful, and their manners frank and cheerful.

Christianity has been a form of sectarianism, not
differing from its minor subdivisions essentially in
spirit, though necessarily somewhat more enlarged
in its boundaries. He or she all nations who do not
know the Divine Principle of the Universe by the
name of God, have been branded as heathens and
infidels. Mahometans have manifested the same
spirit of limitation; and because the tribes of Eastern
Africa worshipped the Creator under the name of
Allah, instead of Allah, the Moors called them
kafirs, which is the Arabic word for infidels.—
Hence their country, came to be known to the civ-
ilized world by the name of Caffeland, or Caffria.
But doubtless the angels judge quite differ-
ently of these matters. They are attracted toward
the religious sentiment, without caring for its
name. The sigh, and the tear, and the simple re-
verent thought, often rise up to them as prayer
from the moon-lighted desert, while the heavy at-
mosphere of earth presses down out of their
hearing, pulsing orations, and may an unwelcome
response from gilded prayer-books. In every form
of society, Nature has her priests, her prophets,
and her poets too, though they pass away by thou-
sands unrecorded, for want of utterance through
literature and the Arts.

Among the poetic temperaments of Caffeland,
was Marco, a docile, contemplative child, an ear-
nest observer of the earth and the heavens. "Mother,
who made the stars?" was one of his earliest
questions; and when told that Utko created them,
he imagined the winds were his voice, and the sun
shone his clothing. The deep quiet, little soul was
overflowing with affection. It seemed an absolute
necessity in his existence, to be near someone who
could love. He must nestle with his pet antelope
under the shade of the almona tree, or fall asleep
with his little hand within that of his mother.
—He was the youngest of her children, the most
beautiful in form, the gentlest in spirit; and some-
thing of reverence mingled with her love for him,
while she listened to his thoughtful questions.

When he was about eight years old a Moravian
missionary, who happened to be traveling that way,
visited their cabin, and talked to them of the
Christian's God, under the name of Utko, which
is an African word signifying The Beautiful. His
discourse, imperfectly expressed in Caffer dialect,
was still more imperfectly understood by the un-
tutored boy; but still it made a deep impression
on him. The missionary told them that Utko was
all love, that his love descended in dew to refresh
the flowers, and in sunshine to warm a earth,
and into the soul of man, filling it with peace and
good-will. Marco never forgot this description
of the Christian's God. In the radiant beauty of
sunset, in the mild glory of moonlight, in his mother's
emile, in the lambent eyes of his antelope, he
felt the presence of Utko. It seemed strange to
him that his father hated the Christians, and spoke
so fearfully of their sacred book. When he told of
whole tribes killed by them, or carried off into slav-
ery, the boy asked his mother, with sad astonish-
ment, whether these people also believed in Utko,
who filled the souls of men with peace and good-
will; and when she told him yes, his little brain
was bewildered.

The secluded hamlet in which he was born was
in a deep valley, girted round by almost impos-
sible mountains, which the foot of the white man
had never trod, within his recollection. But a few
weeks after the visit of the good missionary, the
family were awakened at midnight by fearful
shrieks and howls. For an instant, they supposed
that lions or hyenas were among their flocks; but
the crash of fire arms soon announced a human
fight. In vain the poor Caffers strove to defend
their wives and children. Their humble cabins
were all ablaze, their fields of maize and millet
trampled down, and all who were not slaughtered
were bound hand and foot and dragged off toward
the sea-coast. Terrible was the impression this
scene made on the sensitive spirit of Marco. The
day following, he could never forget those dusky
forms struggling and bleeding in the glare of the
firelight. When they were hurried away, driven
like a herd of cattle across the country, he asked
where was his father, but his weeping mother
could not tell. Silently and sadly, he trudged
along by her side, holding fast by her hand. But
the march was long and wearisome, and many of
the paths were rough and stony. Their feet began
to bleed, and they lagged a little; whereupon the
Christian drivers cursed them, and cut them with
their whips. They were weary and aching, and
they were frightened by their looks, and clung
closer to their suffering mothers. On their route
they passed the cabin of a Dutch boer, to whom
the slave-drivers called aloud, and asked if he want-
ed to buy a brat. After a brief parley, they sold
Marco to him for an old jacket. Terrible was
the shrieks of mother and child, when they were
torn asunder. With frantic energy the poor wid-
ow once tossed her arms in the air, and called
her youngest and best beloved who vainly strug-
gled in the strong arms of the boer. The dusky
child heard the loud snap of the whip as they drove
her away, and the sound cut deep into his tortured
soul. That night, as he lay weeping on the mud
floor of the Dutch cabin, he thought over the beau-
tiful words of the Moravian missionary, and he
could not understand how it was that these men
believed in the same God.

Two wretched years he lived in the Dutchman's
service, beaten by him, and kicked by his sons,
whenever they drank too much peach brandy, or
met with any accident that ruffled their tempers.
Every seventh day they refrained from work, and
sometimes a man came among them who read from
a big book, and talked and prayed. But Marco
berded with the pigs and the dogs, and no notice
was taken of him. Once he had a rare soundly
boiled for making the dogs bark on a Sunday; but
this was all the religion he was ever taught; and
certainly the fact that dogs might bark every other
day in the week, but that Utko did not like to
have them bark on the seventh day, was not re-
markably well calculated to enlighten his thought-
ful soul. And the heart of the orphan was star-
ving, even more than his mind. He had not heard
the tones of kindness since his mother was torn
away from him. His only comfort was an antelope
boy he had tamed, whose soul over-ruled
him of the playmate of his early childhood. But
the boer's men soon took a fancy to the antelope
boy's beautiful skin, and when he would have it

for a jacket. When Marco claimed the antelope
for his own, and refused to part with it, the old
Dutchman gave him a flogging for his impudence.
Under such influences, clouds of stupidity of course
gathered fast over the originally bright young
soul; but the strong affections, which were now
all centered on one small animal, could not be so
easily stifled. He inwardly vowed that he would
suffer anything, death itself, rather than see his favor-
ite companion cut up to make the young boer's
jacket. So he rose stealthily at midnight and ran
away with his beautiful antelope. It was a fearful
undertaking; for a boy of ten years to go forth
alone into the wilderness, where hyenas laughed
in the darkness, and lions made their lair. But
he was less afraid of lions and hyenas, than of
those Christian men, who whipped him for claim-
ing his own, as they had whipped him for making
a noise while the preacher talked of Utko, who had
sent a good prophet on earth, to proclaim peace
and good-will.

The morning light showed stupendous mountain
ridges, the sides of which he eagerly climbed, to
avoid pursuers. The antelope was used to such
rugged passes, and sprang lightly from rock to
rock, and sometimes apparently lost, but always
returning to her master's whistle. From the cliffs
above, the eagles whirled around him with wild
screams, and in the ravines below, baboons pelted
him as he passed. The sharp rocks cut his weary
feet, but he was afraid to stay long, and ever and
anon he walked through streams of water, lest the
hounds of the Dutchman should get on his track.
About noon, he came among a billowy chaos of
huge precipices, frightful in their fantastic grand-
eur, and skirted by dark dense forests, through
which trumped great herds of buffaloes and ele-
phants. How awful was the landscape to that
poor ignorant boy! Vague ideas of what his mother
said of Utko the Creator, and what the mission-
ary taught concerning Utko, the Beautiful, flitted
through his mind with gust like, oppressive over-
whelm. He wondered whether Utko lived up there
among that sea of precipices, and whether Utko
knew that he, the friendless child, was traveling
those great mountain all alone. The elephants
had forced a way for him through forests tangled
with interlacing boughs and rope-like vines.—
Through these deeply-shaded paths, the weary
wanderer came at last in sight of a wide, dry
plain, where no verdure was. A few ostriches
were seen in the distance, and here and there a
tall secretary bird stalked awkwardly about in
search of snakes. No rain had fallen for some
time, and the country was so parched that not
even the buzz of a wild bee or the chirp of a grass-
hopper, broke the dismal silence. Marco had a
dread of entering upon this level tract, where no
hiding-place of rocks, or thickets, could be found.
But from what he had heard the preacher say, he
judged that a Moravian settlement lay in that di-
rection, and his heart yearned for the kind mis-
sionary who came to his father's but told them of
Utko the Beautiful, who filled the whole heavens
and earth with his love.

As he traveled on, even the ostriches disap-
peared, and no living creature could be seen, but my-
riads of ants crawling in black streams over the
ground, or building their numerous pyramids of
clay, on the sides of which, green and speckled
lizards basked in the hot sunshine. The little
stream that bubbled up in the mountains were
heard no more, and neither roots nor berries could
be found. But here and there wild water-melons
lay on the sand, and with them Marco refreshed
himself and fed his antelope. Fortunately he
could sleep with comparative safety, on these
dreary plains where there was neither food nor
drink to allure wild beasts. Days passed, and the
faded landscape again came to mountain ridges,
without having seen a single human habitation.
He climbed the summit eagerly, to search for roots
with his antelope browsed on the foliage. Far
below him lay a verdant valley, through which
flowed a silver stream, fringed with the graceful
willows of Babylon. Flocks of zebra fed in the
meadows, their glossy striped coats shining in the
sun. And there, oh joyful sight! in a grove of
mimosa trees, on the margin of the river was a
cluster of cabins! Tired and footsore as he was,
he pressed forward with all his remaining
strength, longing impetuously to hear the sound
of a human voice. But when he came nearer, and
saw a white man seated in front of the cabins, his
heart dropped down like lead. He looked back
anxiously toward the mountains, and doubted
whether it were not best to fly and hide himself
again in their dark recesses. But the smell of
savory food was borne on the air, and he was al-
most starved. So, leading his antelope by a rope
of grass, he walked up to the man, and said in
broken Dutch, "Stranger, I am all alone in the
world." The suppliant bend of his flexible form,
and the tone of his voice, and the pleading earnest-
ness of his large brown eyes, touched the heart of
the Scottish emigrant, who was himself an exile
in a strange land. He led the wanderer into his
cabin, where the kind wife brought water for his
weary feet, and bound soft bandages about them,
while the little children came, one after another,
to bring some article of food. When he had appeased
his hunger, he looked up to thank them, and a
whole circle of white faces smiled upon him af-
fectingly. Poor persecuted child! He had not met
such glances since they whipped his mother
from him; and the unobtrusive kindness fill-
ing his swelling heart to full. He laid his head down
on the neck of his antelope and wept freely; and
thus the weary one fell asleep in that friendly cabin.
Long and sweet were his slumbers, and he woke
smiling faces and kindly tones.

Never did flower-bud, transported from nipping
folds to sheltered nooks and genial sunshine, un-
fold more rapidly than did this wild human bud.
His plant form moved with freer
grace, his innocent face beamed with affection,
his faculties grew keen and active in the
service of those he loved, while an intuitive politeness
of the heart taught him to be always unobtrusively
considerate of them. They loved the beautiful
brown boy, as if he were their own son, and from
their friendly lips the Christian maxim of peace
and good-will sank deep into his gentle heart.

When they went to England, two years after-
ward, they took Marco with them. Wherever he
went, he attracted the love of strangers by his
bright intelligence, his affectionate docility, and
deep religious feeling. The humble slave of Great
Britain brought on consumption, during the rapid
progress of which his expressive countenance be-
came more and more transparent, and lighted up
with an inward radiance. He knew that he was
dying, and he asked to be baptized into the Chris-
tian church. Many witnessed the interesting cere-
mony, and as they gazed upon his innocent man-
ner, they said to each other, "Verily, of such
are the kingdom of heaven."

But though the soul of the young African was
tranquil in the arms of a happy youth, many of
the designs of Christians seemed dark and strange
to him. At first, he thought the British were the
real children of Utko, and that Portuguese and

Dutch must be the children of the devil. But he
afterward learned that the British had carried on
the slave-trade, yet worshipped Utko in their
temples, the same as now. This inconsistency an
explanation could ever make clear to him. And
there was another thing which greatly perplexed
his unsophisticated mind. The day he was im-
posed the minister returned thanks to God for a
great victory the British gained over their ene-
mies; when he returned home, he heard King
Behmen saying to each other that so many French-
men had been killed, and so many wounded. Sud-
denly there flashed before his imagination a vi-
sion of that terrible night in Africa, when he saw
bleeding relatives and neighbors struggling in the
flood light of their own burning houses. He pro-
ceeded deeply over this conversation of the Chris-
tians, and when he was alone with his friend and
teacher, he spoke of it, and inquired whether the
great prophet sent by Utko had not told him to
forgive their enemies, and always return good for
evil. His teacher, somewhat embarrassed, answer-
ed, "Yes; but the king must defend his country,
and the troops must obey the king."

"Does not the king then believe in Utko and
his prophet?" asked the simple young convert.
The Christian teacher did the best he could to
reconcile the practice of war with the gospel of
peace, but contented himself with observing that
many things above the comprehension of Marco
would be explained to him in heaven. The meek
disciple bowed his head in all humility, and asked
no more questions.

Angels soon after carried the guileless one to
the presence of Utko, where amid heavenly har-
monies, he has forgotten the bewildering discords
of this most incongruous world.

A PRECEDENT FOR THE MORTARA
OUTRAGE.

Some Roman Catholic Journals, in upholding
the course pursued by the Papal government in
regard to detaining from his parents the Mortara
boy, asserted that the Pope is but acting in ac-
cordance with the established precepts of the
Church, and following the example of his apostolic
predecessors. M. Mortara, or some friend on
his behalf, has ransacked the ponderous works of
the old church writers, and in his petition to the
Roman government, the results of these searches
are made public, in a series of arguments which
go far to disprove the theory that the outrage com-
mitted on the Jewish boy of Bologna is author-
ized by the acts of preceding Pontiffs.

It is unnecessary here to cite the learned dis-
quisitions of the old theologians. A single fact
will suffice to show the kind of precedents that
Pius IX. has for forcibly proselyting his subjects.
The most recent analogous case to which we have
recourse of occurred in 1774. At that time Clement XIV.,
one of the most vigorous and liberal of all the
Popes, and the only one who was bold enough to
abolish the Society of Jesus, filed the Papal
chair. The establishment of this powerful sect, in
the liberal course Clement pursued in other re-
spects, aroused the enmity of certain ecclesiastics,
and his death is generally supposed to have been
owing to poison. However this may be, he was
one of the Popes, a predecessor of him who now
wears the Papal tiara, and his example is there-
fore an authoritative precedent.

It was during the last year of the Pontificate of
Clement XIV., that a Protestant Irish family
named McNamara, of wealth and good social po-
sition, came to Nice, then, as now, a favorite place
of resort for the wealthier classes of Northern
Europe. The daughter of Mr. McNamara, a little
girl about nine years of age, was entrusted to the
care of an Italian lady, who took the child to the
Bishop of Nice, and had her baptized and con-
fessed by that ecclesiastic, who also administered the
sacrament. When the McNamara family wished
to return to Ireland they could not get their child
from the Italian lady and the Bishop, who urged,
as does Pius IX. in the Mortara case, that their
conscience would not allow them to permit this
brand plucked from the burning to fall again into
the fire. The afflicted parents laid the matter be-
fore the British Government, which at once com-
municated with the Sardinian authorities. The
king of the latter country, though disapproving
of the conduct of the clergy, deemed it expedient
to refer the matter to the court of Rome, which,
far from defending the surreptitious administration
of the church rites, and the forced detention
of the little convert, directed her immediate re-
turn to her parents, and suspended the proselyt-
ing bishop for two years from the exercise of his
episcopal functions. It is true that in this case
the kidnapped child was born under the English
flag, and a powerful nation was ready to demand
her restitution, while the Mortara boy is but a
Jewish subject of the sovereign who sanctions the
outrage perpetrated upon him. Yet, while but
one nation protected the little Irish girl, we now
see all the great governments of Europe, and the
moral influence of the whole civilized world, plead-
ing for the Jewish boy of Bologna.

A CARDINAL'S FEAT.—The following is the of-
ficial list of dishes and courses at a public dinner
given to Cardinal Wiseman, at Dauldall, on a Fri-
day in September last, when it was his duty to
"appear unto men to eat," by abstaining from
fresh meat. Soup—oyster soup, vegetable soup,
fish—salmon plain boiled, salmon pickled with
fish sauce, salmon for an admiral, salmon in
Saxon fish sauce, salmon done with cream and
bread crumbs, sole done in the Italian fashion, fil-
let of sole done in fish sauce, fillet of sole done
with bread crumbs, fillet of sole done in hotel style,
fillet of sole done in the Dutch fashion, fillet of
sole with oyster sauce, whiting fried in bread
crumbs, whiting broiled in hotel style, fillet of
whiting fried, Dublin Bay haddock in good man-
ner style, Dublin Bay haddock baked, haddock in
hotel style, fillet of haddock in St. Paul's style, cut
lets of lobster, scolloped oysters, oysters done with
bread crumbs. Between courses—puff pastry of
oysters, puff pastry of lobsters, and lobster fritters.
Second service—lobsters dressed, oysters in bread
crumbs, lobster salad, cream of vanilla, Charlotte
Russie pudding, this pastry in leaves, Parisian al-
mond cake, surprise ham, raspberry tart, apple
tart, hot pudding, fruit cake, bûche de Noël, etc.
If this be a Cardinal's feat, pray, sir, tell us what
must be a Cardinal's feat.—Letter in the London
Times.

A negro was recently murdered in North-
umberland County, Va., by being whipped to death
by a party of persons engaged in illegal traf-
fic with negroes, of whom they purchased stolen goods.
The victim had informed against them, and they in
consequence had received notice to quit the
country within a limited period. Previous to leav-
ing, they sought the informer, suspended him to a
tree, built a slow fire under him, and then whip-
ped him to death with a switch. The perpetrators
are under arrest.

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sent by express. I have sold all those you
sent me after supplying ourselves. They appear
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their adoption to the purpose intended.

Yours, &c.

SAMUEL CRESSWELL.

PLAINFIELD, Will Co., Ill., Sept. 25th, '57.

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ter came to hand with the Husking Chimbles and
your terms to agents. They are the most hand-
some and convenient implements for husking corn I
ever tried. They save labor and a person can husk
faster with them than with the common husking
peg.You may send me five hundred immediately. I
shall consider the Agency mine for this county.—
I have two brothers who want the agency for Du-
page and Kendall counties. We will comply with
your terms.

Yours, in haste,

J. W. McBRIDE.

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J. H. GOULD & Co.—Sir: I received the pack-
age of Husking Chimbles on the 11th inst. (all
safe) and I sold them at the same day, those who
bought them say they are the greatest improve-
ment imaginable. I send a pair of them and find
they greatly facilitate husking; enclosed I send
you five dollars for another package, send them to
me at Mt. Pleasant, Morrow Co., Ohio.

Yours, &c.

SHABRACH SNEEL.

VIENNA, O., Dec. 12th 1857.

Mr. GOULD & Co.—Enclosed I send you \$5.00
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Father sent to you and got a pair; we have tried
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